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Edland Poems

by

Bella Neumann-Zilberman

Redland Poems

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Bella Neumann-Zilberman

*To my husband, whose ideals
of Liberty have been a source
of inspiration, I dedicate these
poems.*

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"ODE TO GRANITE WALLS"

So, this then is the Mansion of my Creed,
This towering Granite Mountain, wherein I plead.

At the Golden Altar we bow to lay our burdens down,
Humbly receiving with blindness a Heavy, Thorny Crown.

OH! SOUL OF MINE

Oh! soul of mine,
Clansman of life,
I welcome you forthwith.

Oh! sunshine of mine,
Warmth unfathomed,
I cherish thee.

Oh! great love of mine,
Kindred birth to me,
I awaken in thee.

So do I love as life pulsates my theme,
Glorified the answer of my dream,
But if it all swept from me away,
Love helped me not if night is born from my rainbowed
day.

SLEEP

Oh, Sleep! at thy approach to envelope my soul,
I gaze but dimly thus at the twilight passing out,
While on that balsam'd breast of yours I lay my head,
All too weary to hope of sunlight's rays again.
With nectar sweet you tip my eyelids tight,
Closing out the pasture—land of the day once bright.
Sleep—Oh, Sleep! come closer to me, thus as we two embrace,
All horizons a-fading—new centuries are born apace.

HATE

Long has been your history from ages past,
Kingdoms they've founded on your blatant blast.
Like some god of old—with cruel hands that bind—
The weapons of destruction you seek to find,
 As subtly you seek to shape our human clay.

You spread and spread, seeking to devour,
And we, alas, know not your force and power.
And even as our hearths and homes are swept by fire
You shape and mould us to your base desire—
 Alas, so easy 'tis from good to stray!

Promising lives you scorch and burn
Then, as lightly pass,—and spurn;
But we shall unmask and drive you out—
You hate, that rideth bold about—
 If dawning light shall live but for a day.

“BEWARE”

Beware of the woman who says, “she does not care,”
 Have a care of such a woman, beware! beware!
The suppressed anger is lurking there—
 Behind her words, “I do not care.”

No flame will scorch or burn you more,
 Than the heated change of mind;
Instead of I don't care, you will find
I care, I care, beware! beware!

Oh, fickle dames of changing minds,
 Inspiring creatures of poetic lines,
I don't care is fully wrought;
 With more combustion than mere man ever thought.

“WHAT IF HE CAME”

What if He, the Great One, came to earth

What offering think you would we make, with guilty
hands and words of prayer

And would we wait His counsel of much that ought be done
Or tell to Him smugly the things, unthinking we've begun?

What would we say to Him if He came this way?

Would we tell Him how we grow on sea and land to
territorial greed given o'er?

Of towering steeps of brick that shunt the sky?

Of the lordly rich, who in padded luxury ride by?

Or would we haltingly in all humility, reveal

The inner urge to higher things—

(The aspiration of the soul that dwells within)

With child-like words, only a God could understand?

We have built such ornate monuments to Mammon,

The Great One would walk forlorn, hapless in our midst,
Should He come visiting this ugly world we've made.

Yea! He would sigh and halt, methinks, and be afraid

Of all the Hell-born misery, seeing the countless, starving
folk,

The far-flung wrongs in lands beyond our ken,

And greater wrongs by greed made manifest—

Here amongst us—in the newer stretches of the West.

Suppose He spoke, as by once-famed Galilee,

All hungry for the bread of life!

Suppose He spoke, as by once-famed Galilee,

Of what is not—of what some day shall be?

Would we give welcome befitting such as he?

Or would we sink our murky souls in ashes

And there in conscious guilt abide

Lest He see and know the things that we would hide?

What if He came! What would we have to offer in His
Holy Name?

Again I ask you, whether old or young, of whatsoever
caste,

Of no repute, of illrepute, lacking or boasting fame—

What if He came—*What if He came?*

THE JOY OF LIFE

Hail, joy! Oh! Hail, all beauty beyond your ken,
Bountiful world, thou profoundest in wild-flower's glen.
There in self-expression is affection joyously bare;
Love-wings of ecstasy—each flower born in instinct rare.

MUSIC

Is it sound wafted from clouds of silver lining,
Glorified—enriched by human pining,
Nestled in our breasts with love so obliging and dear?
Or is it the opulent heavens drawn near?

Oh, music of the Gods of Love and Life,
We love you so, we love you so.
Your service to the soul is never ending,
Before your omnipotent way we're all unbending.

We rise from earth's overweening way,
To your heavenly throne with hearts bent to stay.
You purify the souls of us within,
With you unorganized, unborn, Life would be dim.

Oh, music, your spirit cleaves to all,
You bring your sorcery to bear and fall
Upon us, and keep us heavily bound
Within your witchcraft, until the last sweet sound
Wears off into the cycle of your flight.
Farewell sweet music, it's not good-bye—it's only fond
good night.

"MIGHT I NOT GIVE"

Might I not give Life—the touch, needed—
Might I not be the wanderer from afar,
Who brings from everlasting lands . . .
Your Sun—Your Moon and Star!

Might I not give the new year, the unerring throbbing
spell,
A touching reverberation to heal all errors born
through a discordant knell,
Might I not be the one—not of the few—but of the many;
Who in passing thro' the passion's gale—profit not for
self, from any.

A SONG OF JOY

Whatever I give out in love and in song,
That shall live long, live long.
All the gifts of my charming self shall be borne
By the lutes of the winds so strong.

Take me to your heart, those who need a friend,
My soul is yours to the end, to the end.
To serve is a dream flowering in mind—
Makes everyone living a pilot of his kind.

Rise up from the couch by thistles made sore,
Joy is your master evermore, evermore.
Kindle the red flame of your path new to tread—
Enchanted heights await you far ahead.

COMMUNION

The lapping waves washed the old hull around
With a swish that enchantingly called
And the waves never knew in my heart depths they found
The melodious songs from the depths of the sea.

I'm all athrob from the swish of the sea
The joy of the ages was chanting aloud
Not aware they were talking to me,
E'en echoes of joy, that were strengthening to me.

FAITH

We vibrate with the songs of melody we feel within,
Some eternal beauty in life's grind and din,
On knees bent low before a builded shrine—we yield,
Our unholiness to remove—a prayer afield.

We shrink to self . . . soon as day is done . . . ,
Naught of any great power gained nor victory won!
We let our craving, friendly body bend . . . and lowly sway
Forward to receive a cherished blessing—our hopes to stay

How natural is the beauty . . . the truth in one's own heart,
Enmeshed in every fibre is challenge's quivering dart!
Fortune bids us rollick to its galloping speed . . . ,
Honor rides a master's whip and chides the golden steed.

All dreamers dwell in a maze of self-love supremely sweet,
Enfolding their enchantment with hopes of faithful fleet.
Ancient is the castle that dreamers gaze upon in a silent way,
Light shines from a mirrored soul whose Faith is every-day.

THE POWER OF TRUTH

On in the battle of life, let us ride
Holding to justice, forswearing our pride,
'Tis the greed, the envy; suspicions that chill,
The acts of the martyrs who boycott ill-will.

Men have risen who forespake the great dream
(To the unseeing how unreal does it seem!)
But with truth, gentleness and right in the fore
Man has power to shape life as never before.

NONE CAN SPEAK FOR ME

"None can speak for me, Oh, mankind, kindly willing.
None can speak for me.
What may be her troubles are hers, not mine,
I speak for mine when I will."

"None can speak for me," the mother heart proclaims,
The heart that holds as cherished the hurt that is her gain.
"None can speak for me," the maiden loudly cries,
None does speak for her, she on whose wings time flies.

"None shall speak for me," the maiden lady knows,
She has found the secret of the way life goes.
"Speak for yourself, lady, leave my life alone,"
Is all that comes from wifey, who hides her sobbing groan.

None does speak for another, 'tis true, as truth can be,
But no one can enhance the light that through others some
can see.

Let not a raven black crow o'er your shadowed door,
And croak his wise old croaking with words like evermore.

None can speak for me nor for you nor for them,
All of us are different although of likened ken.
"None can speak for me," is on every tongue and lip,
But deep down in their very hearts the thought has no grip.

TO RUSSIA

Do you aspire to live, dear Comrades?
Then march on.
Though misery, ruin and death obtain.
You, comrades, have raised the standard of the internationale
With a greatness of spirit
This age has never seen—
Carrying Russia centuries forward. March on.

Serve for Russia,
Fight for Russia,
Die for Russia,
So that Freedom may live.

Yours are troubled waters, but be brave, O, Comrades!
And serve on.
Far better had you never lived
Than to bring upon Russia the world's unsparing scorn.
Cast no shadow now
In the midst of light.
Russia's new era has dawned. Fight on!

Stand firm for Russia,
Speak fair for Russia,
Proclaim justice for Russia,
Temper justice with mercy,
And bear great Russia to might!

The weak are slaves, O, Comrades!
So be strong.
Always the ancient enemy stands
Ready to destroy those who in this era of unrighteousness
uphold
The dignity of man.
This is your hour of victory,
If you would be magnanimous, be strong!

Right for Russia,
Truth for Russia,
Love for Russia,
Peace for Russia,
And Freedom is begun!

A NEW DAY

How does a new day begin?
Some feel saintly happy,
Others weep or sing,
None the same way begin.

Sorrow has its fashion,
And it is sure to be
Mournful in the minds of some,
Or as cheerful as from birth begun.

Dainty hearts aglowing,
Sunshine rays abounded;
Life begins at every dawn,
Days acclaim the joy new-born.

When does a day begin?
That which never ends,
Each is a day of eternity,
Oh life! your end will ne'er begin.

HOLIDAY TIME

Blazes of tinsel in window lined full-top,
Happy-like are the innards of that window shop.
Why it just laughs at you and beckons—almost sings,
And dazzles all your weakness for such tinsly things.

Oh, the windows are spun like spider webs that lure the
flies to come.

Holiday time just jibes you and makes the world wheels
hum.

You look at every article and feel a gladness glow
Inside, your sleepy soul awakes and childishly you grow.

But then you press your face against the glass,
And seek behind the tinsel the wan face of the lass,
Who faintly hopes the day will end as quickly as it can,
Her body weak and tarnished as the tinsel in her hand.

ENMITY

On Life's great highway, wayfarers stop and pause awhile
Their reasons to declare, their thoughts compile.
That is what thinkers do; thus thinkers pause.

Some continue their eventless lives to follow as of old,
Doing nothing, being nothing; they are naught but earthly
mould.

So does the average person go down the path of life.

But when the man who toils in pits by water of his brow
Believes creation of ideals must change at once and now
What enmity does he stir up; what enmity arouse!

Oh, vain believer in Man's power to hold when foes are here,
If he be right and see the danger to Freedom, lurking near.
If he be man he shall know his place e'en his enemy shall know!

"COUNT ME NOT"

Count me not among unnumbered dead today;
Humanity is waiting—gathering struggles for aye.
Upon the cross-roads dim, appear the surging races faint;
With every sigh their passions charge—an endless, old
complaint.

Leave them not in the struggle that broods a darkened gloom,
Nor let their sorrowing tears, bedew the ash of doom.
All, as one weeps when storm winds rip a willow wood,
War with life—and only bitter sorrow—half awake—is
understood.

Farewell, half-dead life, Farewell,
Sweeping on triumphant—to love and live is well;
Count me not among the dead battalions of the earth,
My place is with the marching, undaunted by the dearth.

FOOLS

Hark ye men of earth, the fools are calling
Calling near and far—

.
.

Tormenting sounds draw close—
Men from afar are calling to those near
Who heed not the cry of the dying,
The call draws near.

Men are hunted as one does the beast in the tangled grass,
Guns were made for death dealing blows,
There is no mercy in cold steel, alas—
And the fools call and call.
But some voices come with grandeur

Words of gold, unjailed fantasies
Are these cries of Peace, and Brotherhood.
Ye are no fools who are thus acalling!

No fool is he my brother who in the prison cell
Thrust into that hell—for daring to stand up for the right,
Men of strong sinew and full power to love
The new arising there sufferings foretold.

Oh, men of the West the new rising greed has shown
The kind of evil ye have sown—,
Hark ye, the fools no longer dead to might
Have now beheld the ascending star of light.

Men are men and should be treated anew
Not like pounds of loose flesh that fodder seem.
Man treats the future of his nation like his dream
Ever hoping to see its best come true.

Fools . . . Fools . . . Fools;
Men of toil and men of tools—;
Ye rise to greet the coined West;
When from the power of knowing truth, ye will reap
the best!

THE BLOCKADE

O, people hunger-worn, weary of war and pain—
Arise and cry aloud to all the world,
Never again in time shall any human soul
Want for food—for the necessities of everyday life—
Be he suckling or youth, lover or parent, worker or fighter.
Rise and demand with tens of millions of tongues
That the weapon of the blockade—
A weapon so low-born that only man's greed could father it—
Shall never again be used by civilized man,
That children, nevermore, shall cry aloud in anguish
"Mother, I am hungry, give me to eat,"
That never again shall the cry ring down the ages—
"Bread, give us bread, lest we starve."

This is civilization!
Children breaking the mother's heart pleading for a morsel
of food,
Aged folk dying because of man's intolerable greed—
With few to give to suffering age or pleading youth,
Though we cry out at some slight hurt our hearts may feel
And pray to God for surcease from trivial pain.

Is there a page or a picture or a poem that will tell
To men in the years to come this greed-begotten woe?
Or have we yet a little shame that would hide this hell-born
misery?
O people, all people weary of hunger and pain—
Arise and cry aloud to all the world
That never again this sin shall be!

"THE PRAYER OF THE WAR-MAKERS"

Oh! God on High, vouchsafe to us Thy help as we prepare again to smite our brothers! 'Tis in Thy name we engage women's sons for the battle against the sons of Mohammed or other lands. Help Thou our steel to protect all that seems good to us. Give us, oh! Lord, the chance to reap yet more wealth that we may build gilt and tinsel altars to Thy name. Send us, oh! Lord, scientists who will devise new and greater engines of destruction. Abide with us o'er land, under sea, and in the air. Paralyze, oh! Lord, the nations who vaunt their new-found liberties. Destroy Thou, in Thy mercy, the desire of man to be free. Give us power, this day, to urge the young to fight. Help us, as we would have you do, to gather our sons for still more slaughter. Keep the poppies growing above the dead, so men may not know their number.

Sow, ye farmers, that our legions may eat of thy harvest, and our barons sell the crops for their profit.

Look to heaven, ye toilers, for the reward which shall come when our prestige has been established and our purpose well filled.

Co-workers all, in high places, form leagues of "Peace" that we may scheme the better to bring war.

Women, heed ye not those who tell of suffering and grief. Give us men wherewith to settle our accounts.

On, on, again to victory under the banner of Our Lord, in the name of Civilization!

Show us again, Dear Lord, to use our prowess, that we may dedicate our gains to Thy great name. Smite Thou the infidel who with bloody hands disputes our way. Lead us, oh! Lord, where Oil-Wells play. Lend Thy countenance to our women that they may the better breed. Incline not unto those who would speak of peace. Give us war, and yet more war, we pray. Bless them who die in Thy holy name.

When all is over, honor the mothers of these heroes dead, by order of Mammon. So that they may have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, tongues that speak not against You and us. Engrave the names of our country's heroes on tablets of stone, for they live not long in the hearts of men.

Give us this day our daily bread, and Dear God, in Thee we will abide; provide Thy power be on our side.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

Why then call the dead to life.
When all the living dead—
Toiling within darksome walls of industry—
Still live?

Not all are dead who yet in stillness lie,
Not all, alive, who live.
Hark to the sounds that come from the haunts
Of the living dead!

GRETTA GREEN

Gretta Green lived not as it seemed,
Gretta Green smiled, and gloriously beamed.
Watchful the eye of the neighbors passing by—
Carefully the whispers—hushed, as she passed nigh.
Married!—No, Oh! no, not she—
But beaming radiant and fair and young to see.
Oh! rosaries of many aged pearls that count—
Each day, to some a tear, to her a blessed fount.
Why, Gretta Green could sing at work each day—
Poverty had no seeming place in her life so gay.
Smocks of curtains turned from window-pane, to her
narrow back—
All had a twangy flavor—few intimates could smack.
What can so transform a figure old, to graces curved
and new,
If only we could catch the Eden that within her grew.
None dared to ask—few smiled at her, but to ask.....?
Her lithe figure was the test that flaunted no grim mask.
She was young again, rejuvenated—victory rewon,
Such miracles had not been preached since love begun.

MEMORIES

'Tis evening and the task of day is done,
All memories a-flooding the evenings hour begun.
Everything from sorrow, even to affections rare
Become a world within our reach, absolving idle care.

Oh, memories that set forth all their hallowed meaning,
Depths sown with stars light that purifies our dreaming,
Truly the world is dotted with human love divine,
Immaculate the hearts of those who catch its beat in time.

"THE HAIRY APE"

Not the play nor the players, with their many words,
Did my busy thoughts engage
As I watched the "hairy ape" in all his thoughtless pride
Move about the center of the stage.

This is what I visualized and dimly felt—
As out to the world the age-old pleading went—
Power they must attain, their call we must acclaim,
The call of the workers on justice bent.

For a fleeting tense moment after the play was done
Heart and mind with emotions keen were swept.
Desires long dead I found within, unfolding,
For behold, a masterpiece within my soul had crept.

As that mammoth house of steel moved swiftly on
I saw not the ship sailing on the waters of the sea.
But a god-like power of human stuff
But dimly understanding,—longing, straining to be free.

THE MIRACLE

The whole world helped proclaim his birth.
A child came . . .
A mother's child held sway.
In a fond mother's dreams perhaps preconceived,
And later on all dreams achieved.

Agonies of pain,
All motherhood akin . . .
A vision seen.
A prince of men born into an uncharmed dream.
All hail a Son of man and mother life.
With wisdom's struggle taught afar,
Wise men beheld a brilliant star.

Mother birth, majestic touch in that humble home,
Earth drabness adorned like a heavenly dome,
Filling hearts and needs alike in need,
Help came at last to men in weakening creed.
Women and Pain, and maybe hunger too,
For all its pain a mother knew.

Tasks divinely hard . . .
A mother's soul ever and anon on guard.
Lessening or increasing power she—
Who loved it so.
Behind great power stalking near . . .
Grewsome to the mother who heard and had deep fear.
He who so slowly born as all are born
Was Son of woman first, as ever thus.

The sun rose one day . . .
A new kingdom in that East arose on its way.
In a suckling hour . . .
Born to humanity's arising power,
One woman in all that state of gain,
Destined was her child to bear a greater name.
A mother child had cried aloud at birth's pain.

They who wanted it thus to be
Saw before the hour all that was to see
Except his manly form.
That came like the sunshine after the storm.
But the Mother's heart, all the time of watchful wait,
Knew the hour he would appear before the gate
Of her heart, and leave her barren, bare
When he appeared on earth, accepted everywhere.
She knew all . . .
He, inside the garden wall,
Knew naught at all,
Except mother and love and the warm breast.

Then when he saw life . . .
Proclaimed a mighty king was he.
Plaudits and jeers and strife
Hope and joy and tears,
Through her, his Mother, all this bliss.

Until the time when He hung,
A groaning breath upon the mount apart,
O'ercome by death.
Not he alone,
The torture killed a mother's heart.
Such twain as son and mother are ne'er apart
Through all the ages and space and time
In every heart of every clime,
Her suffering, the age-old travail,
All mothers have known.

Into each heart and home and hearth
Proclaimed a miracle has come.
A mother's son holds sway.
Child of mother's flesh a gift
Unbounded beauty ever known to hold.
So 'twas a mother's heart that such a miracle could span,
As he lived, he died to her a woman's child-man.
He died upon the cross he bore,
She died seeing her SON, to her he was all this and scarcely
more.

“IF I WOULD BRING MY PIG FOR SALE”

If I would bring my pig for sale, would you buy it? Would
you buy it?

If I would take my heart to the market, would you take it?
Would you take it?

Now, if all these things can be bought or taken, bought or
taken—mind Oh!

Would you buy the soul of a greedy man? Would you buy
the soul of a greedy man?

Not a penny would we give, nor e'en a bargain driveth—
nor e'en a bargain driveth.

For if a soul is so very, very small, there is no place for
such in life's big market.

MY SADNESS

My sadness is full measured top,
I cannot think of happiness again,
I am weary of sorrow, Oh, God make it stop.

Jesus—they call on your soul and your spirit to help
The unfortunate carry his thorn of pain,
They call on you for ages, over and over again.

Make it stop, this madness, this thing of pain,
Make it stop, by gladness we want to live over again
The life of love that we cherish so dear.

Stop that sadness, you gods of mortal power and sight,
Stop! Oh, you madmen of greed and armed might.
We want to be glad, nay, not even you shall be sad.

Let's go to the wells of happiness bright,
And sprinkle the dawn of the morrow with light,
Give man his place in stardom of life.

Away with this anguish and hatred and strife,
Banish from grim earth this sordidness of life,
Cry out with joy, we live, we live, in love and gladness
we live.

HEAR ME, OH! HEAR ME!

Hear me, Oh! brothers of mine in anguish of woe—

Hear me, Oh! hear me.

Deep wounds from ancient enemies' swords now show.

Hear me, Oh! brothers of mine, hear me.

What man is there amongst us, who will fear to tread the
path

Where all may go, Aye! All can go?

Hear me, Oh! brothers of mine, Hear me!

Bear Thy will to seek above the highest camps alying nigh
With open flaps fanning the laden winds that catch
our sigh.

To thee Brothers of mine, To thee come thine . . . ,
Some come to be saved; Some come to cry; Some
only, pine.

Yea! so it is, dear brothers of mine; So it is!

Cruel hurts the sash that binds alike the weak and strong
To clefted rocks in seas foaming mad, and carry us
along—

Inflicting pain that hatred and passion's wounds so often
can.

Deep, deep hurts left there—in our hearts by mad,
mad man.

Oh, hear me, brothers of mine, Hear me!

Oh! cast away the shadows of the things not right—

Extend the glowing torch to fertile plains far beyond
our sight.

Fair brothers, 'tis with pride I cast my eye—

Over the past and that history of ours, Yet to be;

When we acclaim the changes that are ours to win.

As from the wrongs obsessed by some who bring—

The angry mob upon our brows to beat.

Onward to the highest, Brothers, from the best there
is no retreat.

The hurt—is here and lies enthralled deep, very deep.

Oh! brothers of mine, hear me, Oh! hear me!

Mark no greater burdens against the whole of us en-
tomb—

Ye amongst us who do not stand erect— Forbear
our doom!

Let us free ourselves from ravages that great ones do not
prize,

From this despair subjects of torment arise, arise!
Draw no more scars upon our cheek
Only sheep in their fold are meek and weak.

We hide no King upon a couch of Gold and worship only
so—

Brothers of mine, we have an age-long righteousness
to show.

Then let's be up at early dawn of day and mark in human
shape,

The kind we are, the way of life we always hope to
take.

If our face be pale and worn from the crown of thorns
we wear,

Let none amongst us weaken nor despair—Not while
our love to

Each will bear, the common good wherein all men may
share.

Let no man deprive another from the warm shining
sun.

Life's not half-understood, nor even half begun!

Oh! brothers of mine, March on! March on!

The place where men meet to seek the highest—

That alone, Is Holy Ground, There IS Holy Ground.

Long, long ago, judgment day was born, then died away,

It's what we hew in human heart that makes the
golden day,—

Because it's all of great import, What we do, and say.

Oh! painful force of Hate and Hate and Hate.

Your march upon the children of human love you never
can annihilate.

If we can but warm the icy places of the barren
human heart,

Then will all mean thoughts depart for aye, depart!

Oh! brothers of mine, hear me not in woe—

But do your best each day—Times great balm this change
will show.

Brothers of mine, The sun's warm ray does always
melt the snow.

Show yourselves the nobler way to go.

That only is another's way to know.

*(This poem is for the self-centred thinker, Christian or Jew,
who bears not to teach himself the truth and hurts all others
by his mean ways.)*

PEACE

Peace, Peace—oh world of ours,
Filled with sorrows and wrongs—
Oh peaceful be!

Rise! men, from existence less than human
Less than the petted dogs of madam's care,
Strike 'gainst war and wrong.

War, war—hell's mad jury raging—
Wherein all nations fair are hurled
And finance wins!

Teach to men of all lands,
To those who neither know nor care,
That fair justice IS peace and peace alone.

Peace, Peace—not death nor sleep
But surcease from hell let loose.
Peace, must win!

WAKE UP! YE TOILERS

Oh! faithful workers of despotic lands abounding—
What has bewitched you?
What so enfolding that the way does not seem clear,
For the harvesting of all the needs as they appear?

Oh! trusty servant by the masters shorn—
What has bewitched you?
Before your very sight the crucified ones are dying
And the ghastly ones with hunger pangs are crying.

Oh! chained slaves who by greediness are bartered—
What has bewitched you?
E'en though the sainted sponsors of Mammon's lust
Forge on! in our soul's call we trust.

Wake up! Wake up! ye toilers fastened to a leash—
Ye are not bewitched.
Mighty men of valor are captains of their host,
Labor is the only power we worshippers will toast.

“MARCH ON”

Do you hear the Comrades singing?
March On! March On!
Does the music thrill your being?
March On! March On!

When the trumpets loudly call,
March On! March On!
To Victory's triumph all,
March On! March On!

With hammer, scythe and plow,
March On! March On!
Before no enslaving system bow,
March On! March On!

THE WAR MAKERS

Full many a ruthless king has bought his crown of laurel leaf
At the cost of thousands, dead—of lives made brief
By the lying and the spying of the strong
Who know no way to settle wrong
Except by war and hate.

Men, men,—if ye be not fools—call to reckoning all such idle
Who by their vile aggressions, your first rights seek to bridle.
You battle and die for a foreign throne
While the tiny spot your children call a home
Floats like a boat on the tide.

Be ye not silent—cease to forbear,
Take from life your rightful share;
Swear that no shot from their guns shall fly home.
Guardsmen of Labor, take heed of your own,
Swear it, men, swear it.
Tyrants confess to the itch for gold
Their greed-ridden souls growing bolder than bold
Through the triumphs of war—by profits ever blessed,
And they'll know not defeat in victory dressed,
Unless ye so declare it.

“HEART TO HEART”

“Oh! God, look, I am here.
God, Oh! God, I’ve come to see yer.”

“I confess by what contrivance com’st thou hence,
Through sphere of planets, burning worlds aflame—
Thou callest so close to me I hear thee voice my name.
Open sight have I not to see thee bright, my child,
The intense lights abounding here reflect most black or
white.

Speak on, your voice in trumpet held is loud to hear,
The air so free and pure vibrates thy voice quite clear,
Few, if any, quite so young ascend thus far;
My disciples around me murmur lest thou offend me or jar
My spirit by an answer mouthed from the life of thy
world below.”

“Aye, disciples old or young well might thou listen, thou
canst learn from him!”

“They hold their apparent position in the heavenly bodies
by labor and love, fair son.
And by all vibrations in the air that drums them sound,
They hear a child complain;
The quality of the winds thou thus didst rush, brought
no enchanting sounds quite dear.”

“I vow, they fear—they fear!”

“Thus to chide when’st the tremulous sound in the air is
bitter wail—
Communicates my meeting to be easier then with Thee,
Oh! God.”

“Speak on, lone child, a hot wind blows, thou mayest not
tarry too long.”

“To Thy celestial heights have I come to bring Thee a
message long deferred.”

“Of concord and harmony and melody thy God awaits
the word!”

“Lift from Thy heartstrings, Oh! God, the pressure my
words may endure,

I come to accuse! . . .

The winds from the East did blow,

The winds from the West also.

The South and the North came too,

The four their tricks to show.

All the turbulence of the weather

Infurated the whirlwinds, the hurricanes and thunder—

As if enraged at a child whose assumption tore heaven
asunder.

The air more rarified by the storm in that zone,

Sent an echo of that voice in musical tone

To those awaiting below.

Aye, dear God, without forgiveness I again accuse!”

“So say they all, those earthworms meek,

Who stand in strength apart from me; aye, little man,
speak.

“We, below, Oh! God, are as equally disturbed over your
body or head,

As we are over your failure to prevent the numberless
dead.”

“Prevent that friction of solid bodies below?

Who, showed a hellish spirit by force their own way to go.

They cupped the air with warfare,

Its pressure weighted the heavenly atmosphere above—

I’m charged the weight of all—everything—below!”

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PART II

"Alarmed, dear God, were they at sound of guns' loud
 loud blast;
Then prayed each creed by sound of lip,
To thee—to win for them the victory—
Their muscular powers had in blood and steel cast."

"As the Earth is the planet most particular in interest
 to me—
The effect of their violated action—
'Tis all conveyed to me" . . .

Then God spoke again.
"We saw in this Center of all our universe — strange
 lights—
Perhaps a new world is born; we dared to think it so.
Not a sound—but a trembling globe we felt.
We sent more sunlight down to warm their hearts,
More moonlight to thrill
Their souls in romance to oblivion—
More stars to twinkle and beckon gleaming eyes
To spy in upon us—
We labored hard to keep the day so bright,
And the night's dreams for men's wild fancies,
And now by message straight from heart to heart,
We hear the tale's intended lines forecast."

"Dear God, are there no imaginary boundaries that marked
 you fit to see—
That innocent souls rose up above that turmoil to Thee?"

"I heard them not—my voice nor ears could reach
Through the blackness of the ages they figured into life
 below.
All, nearly all, have been taught since their childhood's
 early age,
That reward is here above, like treasured stock,
And that souls navigate up here in vessels of a ship-like
 form,
And sail around the moon to reach my terrestrial dome,
Rewards to carry off." . . .

"Were they too late, Oh! God?
Is that the reason for your hate?"

“Childhood hath its seasons, Oh! lad.
They reasoned none too well; to all who think, forsooth,
That I bear love or hate according to a whim,
And on a circuit of air or fire or brimstone—
Send it whirling to earth within . . .”

“If that be a notion, did I commit a sin?”

“May not you nor all nor aught of them—
Who, in childish folly, their ignorance show—
Can we proclaim that they all wicked be?”

“Are knaves not fools or fools a kinsman to knavery be?”

“Not so, my son, go to your fellow men below,
You and me a tender mercy we shall show,
Beg them to decrease their fighting inventions—
They charge the air with sounds that never die,
They reverberate the earth and discord they evolve;
Their own destructive thoughts they must absolve.
Tell them, Oh! son, face to face, each man—
We are doing all we can.”

“I see you busy with the elements that man below does
need,
Yet sons of men and women’s hearts on wickedness do
feed.”

“We shall remain in Heaven dense and deep—
And if they glut all space and sounds from us do keep—
They will force the sounds of their guns downward,
And awaken all the dead,
Who will heed the call
Of their madness . . .
And bemoan their own sorrows instead.
The earth will vanish by coldness,
The sea and air dry up—
And all will be eternal death.
They glut the area where the power is the least,
And in their selfish madness, the Law of Nature will claim
her feast.”

INCOMPLETENESS

What to life the sun may be
So to man the power of destiny
Man needs woman's guiding love in life's long fight
And he loves beyond his understanding of its might.

To some, the woman is the matter of man's fate
While to others, her soul is his to bear down with his
weight.

In everything that he would seem
Man is something less than he would dream.

IS THE MASS MOVING?

Is the mass moving onward to its goal—
All these hungry toilers warped in mind and soul—
This work-sodden race
Lacking humor's sweetening grace?
Still they fling the challenge in the wid'ning ring—
This mass—the moving headless living thing.

If they could overpower the barriers of the earth
And move on and onward with glory and with mirth—
This passion-maddened race,
This living mass ever a century apace—
What then the picture that even our eyes would see
Of a race of humans—self controlled and free?

Yes, the mass is moving onward, tho' slow of foot
Not with craven conscience nor with stolen loot
This powerful mass;
But with the wakened spirit of men who scent the air
And know the kinds of flowers their kinsmen planted there.
And they'll reach the grander planes that touch the mark
Where gold and iris rays emerge from the dark.

“AN ODE TO CLAY”

When men first started into pray,
They hung all virtues onto Clay;
Full many a gift was given away,
And brought God nearer day by day.

But what hath Man of all his labor?
Thought of Clay and sword and sabre?
If Man can feel that Clay can heal,
Let him direct with nature deal.

Doth moulded Image hear his moan,
Heal his sigh, his pang, his groan?
Ages of Miracles have markedly shown,
How deftly blood is drawn from stone.

WAR

On this earth people have no place to rest or think,
They are like lumber . . . so much stock on hand,
So many trees to each tract of land . . .
So much lumber by the foot . . .

Men lust for place . . . for power for gain,
Designing evils they profit mostly by,
They trade the soul within their keep
Forgetful that the morrow its own toll will keep.

War, a name so full of sadness and fear—
Misery and hunger and terrifying madness—
War destroys pulsating human life,
Which demands increasing hate and strife.

War strikes boldly its chance to gain
A crown of new powers to proclaim
But the pen of man is mightier than any sword,
Men must demand a new order . . . and live in happy
accord.

PEEP-IN

Peep-in, fair moon,
Bosomed white my room . . .
Peep-in . . . your welcome smile beguiling.
Cast no shadow anywhere!
Beware, pale moon—
Beware, aseeking something you dare.
If your sight be not ashamed—
And women is all—all that seekers acclaim,
Then Peek-in, Peek-in, master moon,
My dreams and self are one in doom.

TURBULENT SEA

Waves mad tumbling in arrogance, petulant sea
Tossing the timbered home, roaring wildly,
But free, this turbulent sea.

Wars of greed and gain, turbulent mass
Engaged in destruction class and class,
Thousands of them, but none free.

Seas of crime and blood and slime,
Surging mass of men who hated all,
In death they call, they call.

Sailor! Ho! Ho! let no weak timber ship go
O'er the bounding waves of mad despair,
Lay low, lay low.

But toss the sails to winds that blow,
That show us the way all sailors go
Across the seas so free, the seas so free,

Turbulent waters madly they show
The temper of the tides below,
There are forces below, below.

And the turn of the tide,
And the waves that subside,
Bringing ships of state home from the sea.

THE TOLL

War! War! Dead-house of soul and of love—
Madhouse of passions far-flung.
The blind and the sick and the helpless,
Is all that your toll has won!
Who cares for the clang of the hammer,
That shapes the weapons that kill—
That drive to the viscous mire—men of splendid will.
House of Death—War! grim specter!
You haunt every pasture and nook and rill;
Your toll is for vengeance and greed—it is your will.
Dead! Dead! The countless sprawled over the earth.
Masses of sins to color the poppies of your birth.

“WHIPPING POSTS”

Men, shed no tears o'er the gray mound of him who died
so sorely beat;
Anger rises as does the tropic sun with heat, with heat.
Waste not a single moment on fair reform to quell
The outrageous crime committed by a system hard as shell.

Retrench the evils that fall on man and beast alike,
The lassitude of subservient labor must be shaken in its
might;
Ye are the master builders, whose labor shall not groan,
Has all the sense of justice from every man's heart flown?

How dared they whip a boy to such a ghastly death!
Dragging from him his toil unto his very last breath.
Memory serves the purpose of every frightful scheme,
Labor is no weakling, nor does it vanish in dream.

TO BE FREE

'Tis the call of the Earth and the Sky,
The bird's and the beast's and man's cry,
To be free—to be free—where the sun-billows sweep
For this—men have perished in prisons' grim keep.
Men dream it—and will it. How soon will it be
That e'en the unknowing will strive to be free!

A WHISPERED HOPE

How can I imagine things that are dreams up in the sky,
While every part of life today is streaming past me by?
I must awaken from my slumber that fails in gripping skill,
For all is as one dreams it and ever at one's will.

How can I live today building castles in the air,
With whistling shells of danger pointing everywhere?
Dreams are made for noble ones who sacrifice the day,
Enfold the hope within their hour and march with it away.

How can I attain today a God's immortal kiss,
When the wild souls of men gamble all in fevered bliss?
For those whose sufferings are without its dream of a kind,
Those mortals can ne'er attain the kiss if they evermore
be blind.

How can I find again the laughter of my heart,
When in the spirit of complaint no merrymen do seem?
Cradled in the sorrow and fostered by the wrong,
Men forget their laughter and men forget their song.

Nay, not all the world can know the secret of my heart,
How can I brave the embers aroused in one weak part
With melancholy dreams I rise from weeping to a smile,
Cupid calls me faintly, thus does the ghost of hope beguile.

MEN, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Tell us men of the world of thoughts ye have set apace
To clear the tracks for the forward marching race.
Shall people who by master's beaten harder than before
Transcribe their pertinent meaning as heretofore?

WAS IT YOU?

Was it you, who last night
Outwandered the world wherein you were born?
Arose out of a pit of crumbling hopes and fears
To roam the high-bound clouds of golden dreams?

You seemed to have a tryst with life,
While I was sneering in the darkness all alone,
You seemed to have a tryst with life anew;
Your soul and man's mind—dream met breast to breast.

But, Oh! how sweet the pain to you,
You gave it life, you gave it loveliness,
You had turned safe from storm-tossed shore
To gladness apart that no earth-seedling bore.

All before me sank to earth, I was awake,
I felt the old stings burn, and life was closely shorn
Of glorious music—I was frozen stiff and cold—
As if the warming breath of life had shrunk.

There you were burned by some strange cleansing fire,
No scorch or mar to show a mark—;
Re-born—released to earth in highest dream,
That height and you were eternity.

MAN TO MAN

"There's no more room!
Move on, move on.
The chance to enter is gone, is gone."

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"Nay, implore not man, but go, go, go.
They need you there in that hell below!
"God, you speak of hell to me, of
Death and War and Misery.
Did I create my soul, my flesh,
Or did you weave round me this tightening mesh?"

"Ah, no man, No, No, No,
Not alone did I bear thee into this life,
But man and woman, the two a whole,
Made living things and freed a soul.
Some, mayhap, forget to count me in;
These human cattle conceived in sin."

"But Lord, thou hast not heard, I ween,
How Kings and Judges on earth of late
Have spurred men on to the heavenly gate
By fear and injustice and hunger and hate;
How women's souls have gone from earth
Cursing the hour that gave them birth!"

Then spake again, Jehovah
In phrases terse and slow . . .
"Go with this message to your brothers below,
Say that as man doth unwittingly sin
That Justice and Peace he yet shall win.
"Thou hast spoken me fair, I know,
Then go man, Go—Go—Go.

"To the churches hasten and thousands tell
The Preaching of Creeds must cease—
Else never on earth can come real Peace
Tell them their words are as false as fair,
That I search in vain for my spirit there
Or the spirit of Christ whose words they mouth.

"Proclaim to all my wish,
That man to man shall a brother's message give,
That in godly sovereignty mankind shall live;
Nay, reward comes not from me above
(A God to create and then to berate)
But from the indwelling spirit of love.

"Tell to them that they prate and prey;
That hardly a one, fair Truth would see
And they give but lip service to Understanding and Me.
Ah! How can they hope to build a shrine
In the hearts of men for enduring time,
When they dare to ignore nature's spirit and mine!

"Look, everywhere I have put all things under man's feet—
The Earth, the Air and the Sea,
That all might live well, and freeman be—
But you tell me of Hunger and Injustice and War,
Of Mammon enthroned, of man a slave
In this land that I sent my Son to save.

"So hasten to earth,—thou'st spoken boldly and well;
And earth hath need of thee, rather than hell.
Tell all who are seeking dominion and light,—
Tell them, oh man, that Right is might!
Proclaim that all Sovereign Gods may be;
That each, lowly and great, shall be free, free, free.

"Go to thy world distraught by War and Shame;
And say your hope in Godlike me is not in vain,
Yours, to bear again the message
Mine, to bear once more the blame,
Be thou the salvation of the world,
Or thou'rt Man—Thou art the light."

LET IT ALL STAND

I pity you, storm-filled mind,
That forbears to vivify its kind.
Let it all stand—all that is you—
That timber forest of your dense life never eschew.
If you were blackguard, born to lead astray
All the wolfish packs that risked your way,
Or your tooth was sweet . . .
For a shy maiden, purely virtuous or sweet.
Or if in some abode you did hie,
Instead of sleeping you stole there by,
Or e'en like a man of beastly taste,
You at every feast in vulgar haste
Would sup, whilst others' hunger raged.

Be not ashamed—
If that were you!
At every coffin,
One sees a grave,
At every grave,
A pauper.
And every pauper
Lost his wealth,
When in his wish
He ran from self.
Crawl—walk or run
Upon the earth's hard shell—

An angry fate awaits
All thoughts of woe.
'Tis only eagle souls
That spring away from prisons black,
And seek the center of a plain.
All earth to rest upon or mountain's claim,
If we let old self stand unashamed.

For the half of us, that is a churlish man
Will smite its own miserable self whene'er it can.
'Twill be your other half's happy lot
To love him for what he might have been,
And surlily was not.

Of sterner self the brother real is born,
Who, in possession of a finer self, is self born.
Immaculate the heart and soul
Of one who will let self stand as is.

Free, unshackled by any rusty chains of old,
A brigand in a beggar state
Ne'er can alms attain, or penance hold.
Old self within remains to smite and sneer.
Boldness that turns weakly to fear.

Hope is more than a name,
Reality is a charming friend to gain.
Love is a shining light,
In self-sought splendor its color's ever bright.

Misery gets drunk on its own dream—
Courage is life's strong crossbeam.
Even if you may live for aye,
You ne'er can be full sobered each day,
For in life's world wherein we meet,
No rose-colored dawn is everyone's to greet.
Cheer up, however, all manly friends,
All life's capital is more or less unwisely spent.

GLORY FREE

Oh, tongue of man, glory free to give me hope,
You have bewitched me,
Aye, friendship, you in trustful hope have engulfed me.
What a dream to bewitch me,
Song and music artful all devouring passions flame—
Full of witchery you be!
Pain and sorrow, suffering needs of love's enfoldment,
You have taught me life's living.
All has bewitched me,
Can love do any more? It has done all.

“MUMMIES”

Egyptian mummies all cold and stiff and spiced and wrapped
Lying still—they be mummies for all times.

Mummies, mummies, mummies cannot talk—they are chilled,
decayed barren things—bah! decayed old fossils.

We also have besides mummies; men—men, warm and
strong,

Ensnared daily in the centuries' grip of toil.

Hard, cruel, mean destructive bonds of slavery, beheld to
strive and strive, and be bent and burdened—bah! bur-
dened and bent.

We have souls, souls, souls of great humanity that freed us,
Yes, served and freed us, and suffered for our release.

They are souls of color and truth who by their achievements
crowned us—in patience await they and await.

We have men who know when the battle cry is done and
their tasks begun.

For they are men that can entwine the love of toil in the di-
vine—thus moving forward to scale their mighty heights.

Impenetrable fortresses their stolid spirit acclaim, acclaim.

Mummies, cold, out of Egypt they came from bondage, in
bandage they came.

Lifeless bodies from bondage have shown us the way to
remain stiff, cold bodies of ossified and inactive clay.

Encased and enshrouded, immutable will ever be, ever be

Away! with your chill and your life's barren hill;

To the mountain of toil we shall climb and attain.

In the standard you set, lies the goal you will reach—

Only mummies in bandage, all spiced and wrapped lie still.

'TIS NOT TRUE

'Tis not true, that which man says as his dying word—
Is his religion—revealed and all knowledge thereupon.
'Tis not true, that which man thinks he believes and—
Holding beyond all else his belief, defying all others to
challenge.

'Tis not true, that either are true—
Revealed or acquired not at its lowest or highest ebb,
Needs be the exemplifier of such as seems.

'Tis not true that naught
Can change and all is ever thus.

'Tis not true—'Tis not true.
Change ever—change always—
Or as often as you please—
Believe or reject—all is or is not true,
But it's not true that you dare not change.

BE YE YOUNG

Be ye young and ever inquiring,
Even to the damsel admiring.
Your fare shall be in proportion,
When your love is all devotion.

Be ye young and ever inquiring,
Of the natural way that seems life.
For the heart ringing in great zeal,
Is the youngest of wisdom's weal.

Be ye young and ever inquiring,
How the world outside your realm is afaring.
The soul unbound in a harvest rich,
Keen minds unashamed go inquiring.

Be ye young and ever inquiring,
Why suffering follows the man.
All's in the plan and the making
The humble mute in their waking.

ETERNAL TRUTH

Eternal truth, master of all arts of living, divinely great,
Ride on, ride on.

Eternal truth, impassioned power of life-enfolded state,
Keep on, keep on.

Eternal truth, test not the weakness of the hour of man's
life,

Hasten on, hasten on.

The awakening of the conscious soul of man in strife,
Wearies on, forever wearies on.

Then beauty's boundless range of juster justice shall we
know,

Aye, we shall know and receive.

And joyful truth, eternal power of right and right shall
grow,

As we acclaim, as we acclaim.

Oh, eternal truth, the vistas of the great unknown ascend
to light,

As we look on, as we look on.

And dimly guess the truthful power you so grudgingly
forswear,

So wisely forswear, so divinely forswear.

Be we dumb by ancient spells so magically o'ercast us,
That is doom, that is doom.

But ye of all greatness unbound free and wonderously
inspiring,

Lead on, lead on.

Then beauty's boundless range of fairer beauty shall we
know,

We shall know, we shall know,

And to causes of the times juster justice shall we show,
Aye, to all this we shall show,

In all our joyfullness of happiness and pastimes array.
We shall say, we shall say,

Eternal truth lead on to vistas open, mountain peaks
ascend.

We creep as yet the steeps,

And having reached the mountain peak we shall not bend
and weep,

Nay not weep, nay not that,

But from the great expanse and landscape grounded in
our sight,

We shall know thee, Oh, truth, we shall see light.

FIRE

The burning crater—its lava at white heat—
Bursting forth from hidden bowels of clay,
Fire—driven by relentless force carrying desolation every-
where;

This mad fire, this fearsome fire,
From earth's vast deeps—

Brick chimneys tall—belching smoke—
Telling of hellish heat below
Where the red steel is poured by iron-nerved men,
Who release the energy, long stored and hid away
Till fire—man-tamed—shall set it free—

Spirit fire—God's urge in man—
Transforming, making strong the soul,
Leaping from mind to mind,
Sleeping in human hearts till it glows, living flame,
To test his handiwork—

Divine energy,
In crater mart or human heart,
I bow before thy power
Always.

THE CHALLENGE

We shall send forth the works ye ban,
And continue to call to the heart of man—
Though ye, your praises bleat
For old makeshifts from tom-toms beat.

We plumb the deeps of love and life
We know the anguish of human strife.
What care have we for your bans and damns,
For inquisitors, for petted lambs!

Ours the part to the world to show
That we can create what ye cannot know!
We are on the path of truth's great light!
We know — we will — naught lies beyond our might.

“THE BLUE-GRAY CLOUD”

A cloud o'er-shadowed the setting sun,
Somber shades of gray with blue interspun.
From the tranquil seas below we watched—,
The tangled shadows come and go.

The heavens seemed like a castle grand,
With women and men in a glittering land.
The waves around moved on, then changed the view,
Instead of grandeur, we saw Life's struggle true.

While every breath of zephyr blew,
Wafting a challenge to stranger's here below,
These blue-gray clouds a stranger shadow threw,
Leaving a trail of crimson blood hue.

The clouds more heavy grew as if with bitter hate,
The clouds took on a different, almost human form,
Spirits of slavery appeared—cessation gone,
The clouds appeared in maddening manly form.

We saw men with daggers and muskets and swords!
Dragging a victim to hang on thick cords,
We saw jails and trees and those gentlemen grand!
Terming themselves the best in their land.

Thus a blue-gray cloud away from us drew,
Hiding a gay sun, and a horrible view.
As black and white men's cries moved on—
Within those Blue-Gray clouds and shrines lies,
A Hidden Psalm.

"JOLIET"

Speeding past Joliet prison in the night,
Unmitigated the tears rose at the ghastly sight;
The steel mill close to the prison gate
Shed a bright red flame over walls of hate.

Oh! Joliet, we saw you in the night's chill,
Housing gallant men against our righteous will;
Within our breasts a challenge flaunted high,
To freedom we must drive, for freedom we must die,
(After passing Joliet prison in a train.)

WISE MEN

When wise men speak the truth they claim revealed,
Men of all learnings and in every field,
They acclaim the truth.

Hark ye, 'tis spoken by wiser heads than one,
That oftentimes the wise ones point in fun;
Wisdom knows its ken.

Bide with this smile and let the thoughts beguile
All your interest if it can;
Words are coined by man for man erstwhile.

Books teach us very little of the world,
All learning from heaven by wireless uncoiled.
Man's brain is yet unspoiled.

Hope is grief's best music,
Sometimes out of tune;
Alas, then jazz has not come too soon.

Out of life night and day,
Wise ones come from far, a word to say;
But wiser they who never wisely speak.

IN THE DEPTHS

Black, dismal, dark hole, down in the valley deep under
the earth—
Cold, black, horrible hole!

I feel still the blasting chill of the air, as down, down went
the lift into the depths.
Hundreds of feet below, human beings labor
Eight hours—eight hard hours of grinding toil.
And all for a pittance called a “living wage,” go they to
this hell—
Aye, oft to their death.

The mules on the rack a hundred feet under the ground
live dumbly;
They are mules.
But under that hundred feet walk the men
To the place where by skill and brawn, they make our days
Livable here on earth.
Then eight hours of laborious toil and ever-present danger—
Lo! heaps of coal to show.
They eat in that black hell beneath our feet,
They live in that damned spot.
Oh! that we should have it so.

If these men of mind and soul thought of themselves as men,
Would they slave thus for another's fame?
Would they not rather build with higher aim?
Would they live so, in darksome tomb—
Or where the sunshine makes the roses bloom?
It's like black, cold, still, chilly, dismal night
In that coal-hole below,
Men slave, they loose the chunks of coal,
But they cleave to the job, Oh! that we leave it so.

“RED SHIRTS”

Red hearts and red blood so stirring and true,
Red flowers that cheerily bow unto you,
Red sunsets so enchantingly glorious to see,
All these gay colors of life and love leave their appeal with
thee.

Black shirts like funeral dirges of Galilee,
All set for the dead and no jubilee.
Solemn-hued unchallenging to stir the ire,
Flanked by injustice that leads to the mire.

Hang on to colors, bright and so gay,
Red shirts in liberty lead the way.
No earth's ground has ever set forth,
Flowers as black as dead man's cloth.

Roses red, brightly from earth's bosom spring,
'Tis Nature arousing man's sentiment to cling.
Away! with the colorless objects of life,
Give us the red flashes which call us from strife.

“THE CALL TO THE ‘HOLY’ WAR”

Do you hear the war-lords calling for another war,
Do you hear the same old mockery we had eight years before?
Mark the self-same slogans doing duty still,
The same masters of destruction, iron bound to kill.

Hark! the sabre-rattling monsters are stalking o’er the earth
And the masked paraders ride abroad, stirring the horrid
mirth.

Lash the men-folk to it that they may not fail the job,
While all around, in barren lands, women weep and sob.

Grind fast the war-machine, speed it up again,
What cares Mammon for the protesting voice of men
Who talk good-will and peace, and the worth of human stuff?
Speed is what we want—Hell has not had enough.

Time, time, beat time, and grind, grind, grind,
One—two—three—four—for battle’s in the wind,
Speed up the war-machine, we must take a sweeping stride
And in the name of glory to battle we must ride.

Then feed the war-machine, you men of toil and strife,
As they grind the hurdy-gurdy that is calling for your life;
We must speed the lagging hour and the undertaking bless
That their past need of victory shall lead to more “success.”

So, hunt, hunt, for men. The job must needs be done.
Lash, lash, lash the men—to slaughter they must run;
For the country “calls” the army—the toll is not our care—
Ours be the “glory”—(the profits they will share).

Speed up the whole establishment—no pacifist sob-stuff—
Enough of all this cringing, we want men, that’s quite
enough—

Send him to prison the man that hates to kill,
And pillory the brave ones whose voices will not still.

Snatch away the workers from families and from friends;
What matters all the protest if we but gain our ends?
The time is not for quibbling; “honor” is at stake.
(But keep in the background those who are “on the make.”)

March! march on to battle; urge on the thoughtless mob,
Hang him to the lamp-post if he dares refuse the job.
We want the souls and bodies of men to die again
For the kingdom and glory of profits golden name.

THE DANCERS

Of life they have taken;
Music fills the air,
Noisy voices abounding,
Hanging everywhere.

All this the world has seen before,
Noisy libertines galore.
All this before
At my half-closed darkened door.

But when the winds blew,
And snow-flakes flurried by,
Unbounded joy leapt in my heart,
My soul within me grew.

And when the dance across the hall,
Sped on with twirl and whirl,
My feet kept merry time,
Then I knew not why; now I know all.

The snow-flakes were the happy babes,
Sent from the clouds to dance.
I watched them out-do twinkling feet.
Snowflakes strut not, nor prance.

INVOCATION

Fond faith give full measure o'er—
The eternal beauty so humbly we desire,
Not less of thy enchantment can we hold,
But all is scarce enough—so much we require.

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